Sport.

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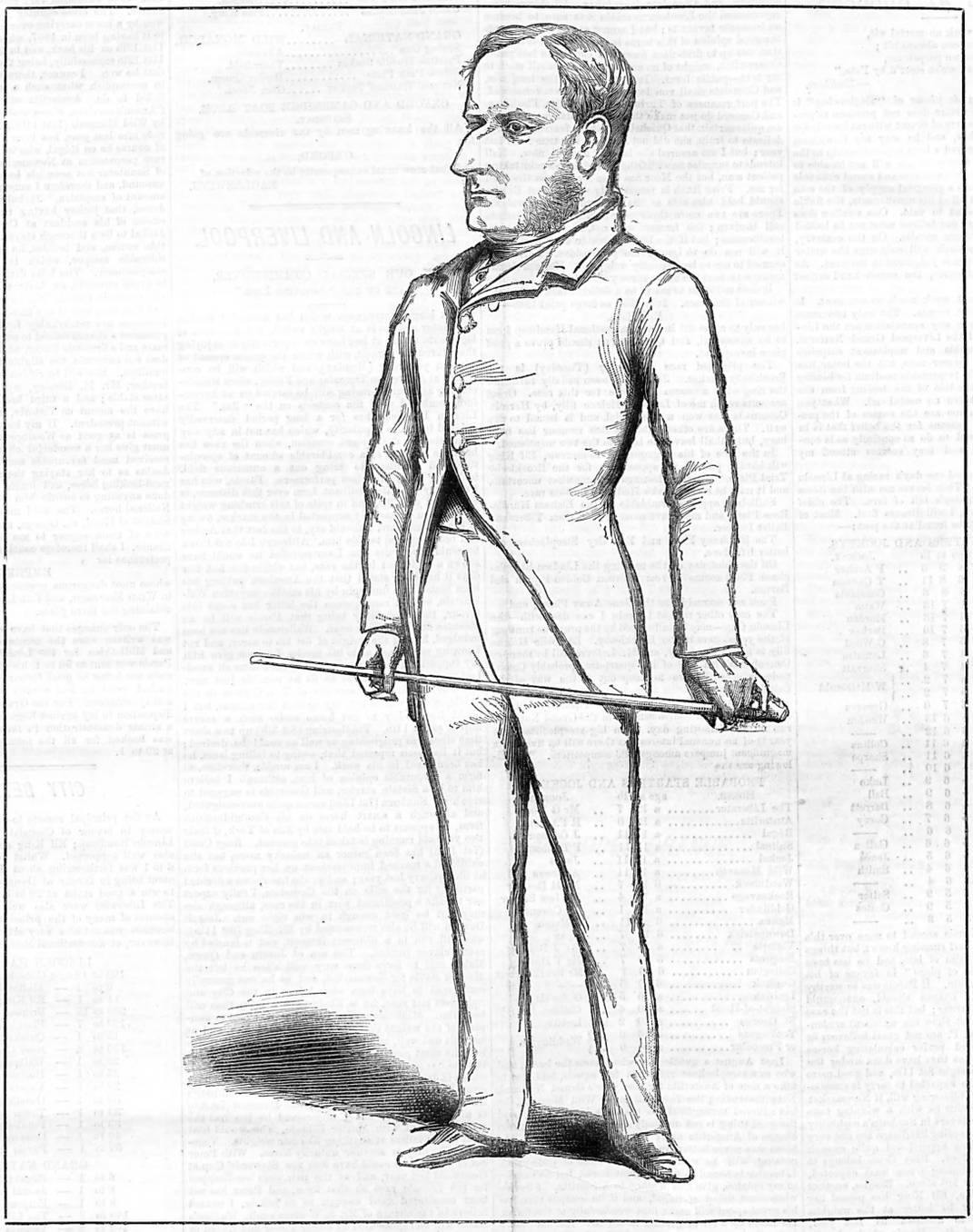

PEER-LESS STILL!

MR. CHAPLIN.

A determined but not unpleasant-looking man is the subject of our sketch. He has done so much for the Lincoln Meeting we considered it appropriate to commence with his portrait. His name has long been familiar in the mouths of the multitude. Familiarity without contempt. Always considered a rising man, who had more than average ability, with a long purse and no end of influence, it has been questioned whether he has fulfilled the promise of his youth. But everybody has detractors. Early in his career he was brought prominently into notice through two things. Everybody knows that whilst he was pursuing the big game of India the Marquis of Hastings stole a march on him in love affairs. But time has its revenges. He won the most sensational Derby on record with Hermit, and the Marquis never recovered the pecuniary shock. Contented with this feat, he gradually withdrew from his prominent position on the turf, and took to politics. The farmers of England are now under his special protection He was the originator of the Royal Commission to inquire into the agricultural distress. He does not forget to mention this fact in his electioneering address just published. The utility of hiding his light under a bushel he fails to perceive. He is a great friend of the Prince of Wales, and a staunch Conservative. As a matter of course he is not an admirer of Mr. Gladstone, who does not like being baited. When he does not forget his notes, which he took care not to do on the turf, he can make a capital speech, and knows it. The Home Rulers find no friend in him. Always ready to throw himself into the breach, he has done yeoman service to the Beaconsfield Government. No doubt he will duly meet with his reward—what that is to be has been whispered for many years—but he is *Peer-less still!*

FINAL NOTES.

In the Batthyany Stakes at Lincoln yesterday, Mr. Naylor's Sidonia has at last made some amends for the many disappointments he has incurred; but the owner of Hooton Hall must have made many heavy outlays on him before he landed this race, and his success does not appear to have favourably influenced Briglia for the great race to-morrow. Gravity and Sutler ran a dead heat for second place, the latter having been supported for a lot of money by the Newmarket division.

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We are sorry to hear from an authentic source that Ben d'Or has been again stopped in his work for the Derby, and although Peck has taken a lot of pains with him, it sounds badly that the v. s. from Marlborough has been called to visit the Duke of Westminster crack repeatedly every week. There is no doubt as to his hocks being defective, and although they have been so frequently dressed, he is still unable to go into active training. In the face of this he continues first favourite, but we expect to see an important change in the betting before long.

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In case Parole does not start for the Lincoln Handicap it is just possible F. Archer will have no mount in the race, as the only other horse he could ride is Placida, for which Tom Cannon has been engaged for some time.

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Mr. B. Ellam has in King of Scotland a beautifully bred two year old, being by Scottish Chief out of Maid of Perth, and we are informed that this youngster, who is a half-brother to Tulach Ard, was roughed-up successfully the other day, and will probably run for the Brocklesby Stakes.

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An unprecedented circumstance will occur in this year's Grand National: three brothers hailing from the Sister Isle, and all well known for their talent in the saddle, will have independent mounts in the cross-country Derby, Mr. T. Beasley being engaged for Empress, Mr. J. Beasley on Victoria, and Mr. H. Beasley on Woodbrook, who is trained in the same stable as Empress. What odds against the three being placed?

LETTER-WRITERS.

Communications intended for insertion in SPORT *must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

R. M.—Will think of your suggestions.——B. B.—It is not in our line.——CAUSTIC.—A pillory would be just the place for you.——LEAP YEAR.—See our next number.——CURIOUS TOM.—How much more for the money!

Sport.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16, 1880.

ATTEMPTS AT SUCCESS.

"Success, the work no mortal wit,
Or surest hand can always hit;
For whatsoe'er we perpetrate,
We do but row, we're steer'd by Fate."
—*Hudibras.*

ALTHOUGH the *nom de plume* of "Eagleswing" is entirely unknown, the writer does not presume to predict winners for the readers of SPORT without knowledge and experience. He has, and he may say it without the slightest reserve, served a long apprenticeship to the business. If he is not successful he will not be able to plead ignorance. If research and care and sound channels of information will secure a plentiful supply of the coin of the realm to one and all of his constituents, the fickle goddess will not be wooed in vain. One swallow does not make a summer, and one failure must not be looked upon as a forecast of future results. On the contrary, the want of success one week will only urge the writer to strive after more accurate judgment in the next. As Butler so truthfully observes, the surest hand cannot always hit the mark.

The racing of the past week needs no comment. It had no bearing on future events. The only two races on which there has been any speculation are the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Liverpool Grand National. We have had innumerable and unpleasant surprises in connection with the former race, but the latter has been a more than usually respectable medium for betting purposes. To go over the tale of the betting from the commencement would serve no useful end. What you wish to ascertain from me are the names of the probable winners, and the reasons for the belief that is in me. This I will proceed to do as concisely as is consistent with clearness, and may success attend my efforts.

Before SPORT is published one day's racing at Lincoln will have been decided. This leaves me with the items of Tuesday's and Wednesday's bill of fare. The chief event, run on Wednesday, I will discuss first. Most of the following horses will be found at the post:—

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.

HORSE.	age	st	lb		JOCKEY.
Parole	a	9	0	..	F Archer
Placida	6	8	11	..	T Cannon
Fiddlestring	5	8	3	..	Constable
Sunburn	4	7	13	..	Watts
Rosy Cross	6	7	13	..	Mordan
Midlothian	6	7	10	..	Barker
Dunmow	5	7	8	..	C Wood
Vegetarian	4	7	6	..	Lemaire
Ragman	4	7	4	..	Sherratt
Cradle	a	7	2	..	W M'Donald
or Tower and Sword	5	7	2	..	
Briglia	6	7	0	..	Greaves
Fanfare	4	6	13	..	Weedon
Speculation	6	6	12	..	——
Elf King	4	6	11	..	Collins
Sun of York	4	6	11	..	Sharpe
King Duncan	4	6	10	..	——
Chocolate	4	6	9	..	Luke
Thrintoft	4	6	9	..	Bell
Sarsaparilla	4	6	8	..	Barrett
Flashman	5	6	7	..	Covey
Concord	6	6	6	..	——
Quicksilver	5	6	6	..	Gallon
Othello	6	6	5	..	Jones
Friar Rush	4	6	4	..	Smith
Wallenstein	3	6	4	..	——
Genista	3	5	9	..	Salter
Horizon	3	5	9	..	Coates
Castillon	3	5	8	..	——

That Parole had a chance second to none over this distance every student of turf running knows, but things have not gone well with him of late, and he has been deposed from his "pride of place" in favour of his stable companion, Wallenstein. If Parole was so worthy of support, Wallenstein's chance should, one would think, be held in greater favour; but this is not the case as yet. Wallenstein cannot show the excellent credentials of Parole, and the B. P. are not great believers in these wonderful trials, and prefer calculating horses ability to win races by what they have done under the judge's eye. It is a big weight 8st 11lb, and good mare as Placida is, she cannot be expected to carry it successfully. The aptly-named Fiddlestring will, if Newmarket reports are correct, not favour us with a winning tune on this occasion. The believers in Sunburn's capability to carry off the first of the spring handicaps are not very numerous, and he has been apportioned quite enough weight for what he has done. Rosy Cross belongs to the disappointing class, winning when least expected, and is consequently better left alone. Besides, another horse in the same stable, Elf King has passed her in the betting, and may be better at the weights. Elf King was going to astonish us last year, but he thought better of it. He is nicely handicapped now, and with such excellent trying tackle, Joseph Dawson should not make any mistake. I now come to Midlothian, according to many, one of the greatest certainties ever known. Just so. Every large race produces a similar certainty, which somehow or other does not come off. Midlothian's impost, judged by his best performances, is a lenient one, and he is believed to be all right now; but he has been too long away from the starting-post to be quite free from suspicion. Some of the best judges pin their faith to him, and it requires considerable courage to go against the horse, but I shall be singular for once, and look elsewhere for the winner. The speedy Dunmow will find the distance a trifle too far for him, and will not, I fear, recompense Gilbert for the Lincolnshire accident. Vegetarian will be probably in a similar predicament to Dunmow, and tire when nearing the judge's box; at least, that is the way I read his performances. It would appear that Castillon is better than Ragman, but it takes a good three year old to win a race of this kind so early in the year. It is quite on the cards that Ragman may come again, and run well, for the ways of some men are past finding out. Wadlow will probably have a hot favourite at the start in either Cradle or Tower and Sword. The former has shown a disposition to run well over this course, and he is well enough in, but age cannot be increasing the speed of Lord Wilton's horse, and in regard to Tower and Sword I am under the impression that he belongs to the Dunmow and Vegetarian school, and prefers six furlongs to eight. John Dawson ought to know how to train the winner of the Lincolnshire Handicap, and in Briglia he believes he has a candidate who ought to be returned at the head of the poll. Has he good ground for his belief? Carrying exactly the same weight as here, she won the first race she started for last year—the Newmarket International Handicap—in a canter by five lengths from such horses as Alchemist, Clementine, Thornfield, Japonica, Knight of Burghley, and others. That is surely good enough. What is the use of looking elsewhere for the winner? It must be wiser to back this mare than Midlothian for obvious reasons. Briglia has her enemies. They admit that she is too well in, but assert that she never does her best from home. I do not say that it is the case, but it may be within the bounds of possibility that when she lost her races she was on the big side, and that there was a Lincolnshire Handicap in view. Such things have happened, and will do so again. Year after year John Dawson has laid himself out for this particular race. Some writers pick winners out of their inner consciousness, having no tangible reason to offer for their creed; but here is a mare with a chance palpable to the merest novice in turf matters. There is one thing certain. She will stay the course, and no doubt she will have a good jockey on her back. There will be no trouble to be be feared from Fanfare, and Speculation's chance is correctly represented by the long odds offered against him. Sun of York's five unsuccessful performances last year do not speak in his favour. King Duncan may run, but I do not fancy him. What Peck has done on former occasions he may repeat. Midlothian is one certainty, and Chocolate is another. Whatever horse represented the Lambourne stable was sure to become an immense favourite; but I cannot see on what grounds the good opinion of this horse is based. This is the filly that was up to first-class form and could win last year's Cesarewitch, weight of no consequence. I shall stick to my text—public form. It pays best in the long run, and Chocolate shall run loose so far as I am concerned. The performances of Thrintoft, Sarsaparilla, Flashman, and Concord do not make them appear dangerous, but I am quite certain that Quicksilver is to be feared. Always delicate to train, she did not show us her true form last year; but I am assured she is well and fit now. Hall intends to surprise us with Othello, and he is a painstaking patient man, but the Moor has been too long on the shelf for me. Friar Rush is remarkably well in, but Briglia should hold him safe at the difference in the weight. There are two more three year olds to notice, Genista and Horizon; the former will not, in my opinion, be troublesome; but if the latter is better than Lartington it will not do to ignore his pretensions. Lartington seemed to me to be leniently weighted. Horizon should manage to beat the other three year olds.

It does not seem to me to be a difficult task to find the winner of this race. It is plain as large print that—

BRIGLIA

has only to come out in her International Handicap form to be successful, and QUICKSILVER should prove a good place investment.

The principal race of to-day (Tuesday) is the Brocklesby Stakes. Joseph Dawson usually furnishes the ring with a warm favourite for this race. Great accounts reach me of La Belle Helene filly, by Hermit. Cotonnade has won a good trial, and is bound to run well. There are others about which rumour has been busy, but I shall leave the issue to the two mentioned.

In the face of his engagement to-morrow, Elf King will hardly put in an appearance for the Brocklesby Trial Plate. Warren Hastings is somewhat uncertain, and it may be safer to take Hudibras for this race.

Shillelagh appears formidable in the Elsham Hurdle-Race Plate, and may have most to fear from Tiber and Ballet Dancer.

The Blankney Plate and Full Cry Steeplechase are better left alone.

On the chief day of the meeting the Lindum Steeplechase Plate seems to rest between Golden Pippin and Barton.

Puck can scarcely lose the Gone Away Plate; and

The only other race at Lincoln I can deal with—the Lincoln Cup—may be influenced by the previous running of the youngsters in the Brocklesby. La Belle Helene filly is not in the entry, and M. Lefevre will be there or thereabouts with one of his quartette, probably Cotonnade, who will have to keep out of the way of the Cauldron filly.

The Liverpool Meeting begins on Thursday, but the chief interest is of course centred in the Grand National, run on the following day. The big steeplechase this year is of an unusual interest, as there will be five or six magnificent jumpers amongst the competitors. The following are the

PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS.

HORSE.	age	st	lb		JOCKEY.
The Liberator	a	12	7	..	Mr G Moore
Austerlitz	a	12	0	..	R T'Anson
Régal	a	11	11	..	J Cannon
Shifnal	a	11	11	..	F Lynham
Jackal	a	11	11	..	Jones
Wild Monarch	a	11	11	..	Andrews
Woodbrook	6	11	7	..	Mr H Beasley
Rocksavage	a	11	4	..	Mr Lee Barber
Goldfinder	a	11	1	..	Mr Coventry
Manna	6	10	11	..	J Marsh
Downpatrick	6	10	7	..	Ryan
Victoria	a	10	7	..	Mr J Beasley
Empress	5	10	7	..	Mr T Beasley
Collegian	6	10	7	..	Mr Brocklehurst
Gunlock	6	10	5	..	——
Ignition	a	10	5	..	G Jarvis
Sloight-of-Hand	a	10	4	..	Childs
St. George	a	10	2	..	Levitt
Tentergate	a	10	0	..	Waddington
or Precentor	a	10	0	..	

Last August a gentleman who knows the horse, and who as a steeplechase rider has few equals, told me to take a note of Austerlitz for this year's Grand National. Notwithstanding the favouritism of Wild Monarch, he has adhered throughout the piece to his one tip, and the good thing is not unlikely to come off. The great chance of Austerlitz must be patent to everyone; the horse was never better in his life, and with T'Anson up nothing will be wanting on the score of jockeyship. Liberator is bound to run a great horse, but he cannot, in my opinion, give half a stone to Austerlitz. I have a wholesome dread of Régal, and if he escapes blunders his great speed will assist him wonderfully at the finish. He made up a lot of ground last year. Shifnal was a fortunate horse to win a Grand National, which is more than he is likely to do again. Jackal will get over the country, but he does not possess the speed of Régal or Austerlitz. Several horses have undeniable chances on this occasion, and Wild Monarch is one of them; but I do not fancy Woodbrook, Rocksavage, Goldfinder, Manna, Downpatrick, or Victoria, but Empress is bound to run well. St. George may turn out the best of the remainder. The winner will no doubt spring from The Liberator, Austerlitz, Régal, Wild Monarch, or Empress, and as the betting is so dead against Austerlitz, I must go for his stable companion

WILD MONARCH.

JACKAL will probably get a place.

I do not see what can beat Thornfield for the Hurdle Handicap on the first day, unless it be Hopbloom.

Bacchus will be the best to trust for the Sefton Steeplechase, and he may have most to fear from the reliable but slow Citizen.

The evergreen Instantly will probably take the Prince of Wales's Cup. Censer is nicely weighted.

Mr. C. Bush is stated to have a smart two year old in Border Queen, and the Molyneux Stakes may fall to her.

If Horizon misses the Lincolnshire Handicap, he may be good enough to pull through in the Princes Park Plate. Wild Prince has a taking appearance.

The Union Jack Stakes rests between Fire King and Henry George.

The Spring Cup, on the second day, has Robbie Burns, Advance, Cradle, Chocolate, Wallenstein, and Othello engaged. The first-named is taking things easy at present. The Lincoln running may make this race a good thing for one of the others, but Advance is so well just now, he will have my sole confidence.

If Thornfield should miss the Liverpool Hurdle-Race he will take all the beating. Iron Duke can give him for the Palatine Hurdle Handicap.

Border Queen is again engaged in the Sefton Park Plate, and

The National Hunters' Stakes should be sacked by Glen Jorsa.

For the convenience of my readers I append a list of my selections:—

LINCOLN MEETING.

TUESDAY.

Brocklesby Stakes.....La Belle Helene filly.
Brocklesby Trial Plate.....Hudibras.
Elsham Hurdle-Race .....Shillelagh.

WEDNESDAY.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP....BRIGLIA.
Lindum Steeplechase Plate.....Golden Pippin.
Gone Away Plate .....Puck.
Lincoln Cup .....Cotonnade.

LIVERPOOL MEETING.

THURSDAY.

Liverpool Hurdle Handicap.....Thornfield.
Sefton Steeplechase .....Bacchus.
Prince of Wales's Cup .....Instantly.
Molyneux Stakes .....Border Queen.
Princes Park Plate .....Horizon.
Union Jack Stakes .....Fire King.

FRIDAY.

GRAND NATIONAL .....WILD MONARCH.
Spring Cup .....Advance.
Palatine Hurdle Stakes .....Thornfield.
Sefton Park Plate .....Border Queen.
National Hunters' Stakes .....Glen Jorsa.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

SATURDAY.

All the knowing men by the riverside are going for

OXFORD,

and that crew must consequently be the selection of

EAGLESWING.

LINCOLN AND LIVERPOOL.

BY OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER,
LATE OF THE "SPORTING LIFE."

THE long interregnum which has prevailed during the winter months is at length ended, and followers of legitimate racing at last have an opportunity of enjoying their favourite pursuit, with which the season opened at Lincoln yesterday (Monday), and which will be continued at Aintree on Thursday and Friday, when steeplechasing and hurdle-racing will be carried on as heretofore, combined with the contests on the "flat." The Lincoln Handicap has for a long period deservedly enjoyed immense popularity, which has not in any way diminished on the present occasion, when the race has been the medium of a considerable amount of speculation, and promises to bring out a numerous field, including many first-class performers. Parole, who has frequently exhibited brilliant form over this distance, is burthened with 9st, and in spite of this crushing weight he has been extensively supported in the market, owing in a great measure, I should say, to the fact that Archer had been engaged to ride him. Although I do not think he could have quite won, I am satisfied he would have shown a bold front in the race, but within the last few days it has been stated that the American gelding has been beaten in a fine spin by his stable-companion Wallenstein, and in consequence the latter has come into favour, the probability being that Parole will be an absentee on Wednesday next. Wallenstein has not been indulged, having the weight of 6st 4lb to carry, and not knowing very much as to his merits, I cannot give him my support. Placida is reported to have done an excellent preparation, and to be as fit as possible just now. She will also have the services of Tom Cannon in the saddle, which will be nothing against her chance, but I doubt her ability to get home under such a severe impost as 8st 11lb. Fiddlestring (8st 3lb) up to a short time since was progressing as well as could be desired; but it has been reported that, owing to falling lame, he has been eased in his work. I am unable, therefore, to form a favourable opinion of him, although I believe him to be a certain starter, and Constable is engaged to ride him. Sunburn (7st 13lb) seems quite over-weighted, and although a smart horse on his Cambridgeshire form, he appears to be held safe by Sun of York, if their two year old running is taken into account. Rosy Cross (7st 13lb) has been rather an unlucky mare, but she exhibited a marked improvement on her previous form at Shrewsbury last year; and as she has shown a decided partiality for the mile on the Carholme, I fully expect her to take a prominent part in the race, although she may not be good enough to win right out. Joseph Dawson will be also represented by Elf King (6st 11lb), who will run in a different interest, and is fancied by many clever parties. The son of Joskin and Queen Mab is said to have done very well since he left the Manton stable for Newmarket, and as he was generally considered to have been second best in the City and Suburban last year, he is likely to beat more than will beat him. Midlothian (7st 10lb) has no cause to complain of the weight that has been assigned him, and as he is fit and well, and has completed a first-rate preparation, he must possess an extraordinary chance. I admit that he has been on the shelf for a considerable period, which is decidedly objectionable, but no horse could have done the amount of work that he has gone through unless he was sound in every respect. Dunmow (7st 8lb) is nicely weighted, but I understand he has had the worst of a spin with Master Kildare, who would beat most of our milers at anything like fair weights. Vegetarian (7st 6lb) is another unlucky horse. With Peter out of the way he could have won the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood last year, and as the pair were handicapped for the Lincoln race on that form, and Peter has not been considered good enough to be left in, I cannot believe in the chance of Mr. S. Western's colt. Wadlow's stable will be represented by either Tower and Sword or Cradle, who are both in at the same weight (7st 2lb). I do not consider that either of them possess much chance, but prefer Tower and Sword of the pair, believing that Cradle's day has gone by. Briglia (7st) possesses the confidence of some of the best judges at Newmarket, but I have been informed that she has not been doing as strong work as might have been expected, and also that her temper has not improved, which is an important consideration if, as generally happens, there should be several false starts before the flag is dropped. Chocolate (6st 9lb) is thought very highly of by the influential supporters of the famous Russley stable, and having recently had an opportunity of seeing Peck's horses at work, I am in a condition to state that although by no means a good-looking mare, no animal will come to the post in better condition. She has done all that her trainer has asked her, and as Peck has won the Lincoln Handicap now two years in succession, he must know what form is required in order to repeat the *coup*. I understand that Kaleidoscope could not win with 7st 7lb, and if this be correct, Chocolate's chance must be a very rosy one. Sun of York (6st 11lb) is also located at Lambourne, where he is trained by Humphrys; but after his form at Shrewsbury last year, where he was backed for a lot of money and was well beaten, I am afraid he is a very moderate horse. Quicksilver (6st 6lb) has been leniently treated, and is, I believe, exceedingly well at present; but I do not expect her to stay the course. Friar Rush (6st 4lb) is trained by Percy, at Pimperne. He is a nice-looking colt, and has shown a little form, and I should not be surprised if he proved the best of the outside division. Castillon will probably take the place of his stable companion, Ragman, but I know very little about him. The field may be swelled by such horses as Thrintoft, Sarsaparilla, Flashman, Othello, and Genista, for none of whom have I any fancy. Horizon will probably be the best of the north country division, but I doubt his being good enough to repeat the Gaily victory of 1865. Having now fully discussed the merits of all the horses likely to be seen at the post, I shall assign the victory to

CHOCOLATE,

expecting to see her followed home by MIDLOTHIAN, while FRIAR RUSH might obtain third place.

The only other race at Lincoln to which I shall allude is the time-honoured Brocklesby Stakes. Owing to the severity of the past season, most of the youngsters are very backward in condition; but in awarding the race to Reticent or the filly by Hermit out of La Belle Helene, I expect I have spotted the winner.

Turning now from Lincoln to Liverpool, I shall proceed briefly to dilate on the prospects of the several horses engaged in the Grand National, which will be decided at Aintree on Friday next, the second and last day of the meeting. The four highest weights, viz., The Liberator (12st 7lb), Austerlitz (12st), and Régal and Shifnal (11st 11lb each), have all been successful in the great chase on previous occasions, so that their meeting next Friday promises to be highly interesting; whilst Jackal, whose weight is 11st 11lb also, has more than once exhibited very good form over this tiring course. The cross-country Derby has never yet been won by a horse carrying over 12st, the nearest approach to it having been in 1867, when Cortolvin got home with 11st 13lb on his back, and in 1870 The Colonel carried 11st 12lb successfully, being the second year in succession that he won. I cannot, therefore, expect The Liberator to accomplish what such a good horse as The Lamb failed to do. Austerlitz will have the benefit of R. T'Anson's services, whose stable will also be represented by Wild Monarch (11st 11lb), for whom Andrews, who rode him last year, has been retained. J. Cannon will of course be on Régal, who is reported to have done a rare preparation at Newmarket, but I fear the aged son of Saunterer has seen his best day. Shifnal has been unsound, and therefore I must regard him with a certain amount of suspicion. Jackal is likely to be ridden by Jones, that jockey having nearly recovered from the effects of his accident at Croydon. I do not believe Jackal to be a thorough stayer, although he has got over this course, and besides, he occasionally displays considerable temper, which is very objectionable in a steeplechaser. The Irish division will, as usual, muster in great strength, as, besides The Liberator, the field will probably include Woodbrook, Rocksavage, Victoria, and Empress, and of the last-named most well-informed Irishmen are remarkably fond, and consider that she possesses a chance second to none. She is a grand-looking mare and a first-rate fencer, whilst her trainer, Mr. Linde, does not entertain the slightest doubt as to her staying qualities. She will be ridden by Mr. T. Beasley, whose brother, Mr. H. Beasley, will ride Woodbrook, in the same stable; and a third brother, Mr. J. Beasley, will have the mount on Victoria, a circumstance I believe without precedent. If my information is correct, Empress is as good as Woodbrook at even weights, which must give her a wonderful chance. Of Victoria I have received most favourable accounts, but I have strong doubts as to her staying the course. Rocksavage is a good-looking horse, and fences well, but he has never done anything to entitle him to be considered a Grand National horse. The field may be swelled by Ignition, Sleight of Hand, St. George, and one or two others, but none of them appear to me to possess even a remote chance. I shall therefore conclude by declaring a decided preference for

EMPRESS,

whose most dangerous opponent I expect will be found in WILD MONARCH, and THE LIBERATOR may succeed in obtaining the third place.

The only changes that have occurred since the above was written were the continued support of Chocolate and Midlothian for the Lincoln Handicap, for which Parole was sent to 50 to 1, his stable companion Wallenstein not being in good favour either, whilst the prices quoted could be had readily about Elf King, Placida, and Quicksilver. For the Grand National there was a disposition to lay against Régal at 6 to 1; but there was a strong demonstration in favour of Downpatrick, who was backed for all the money that could be got on at 20 to 1.

CITY BETTING.

MONDAY.

At the principal resorts to-day there was plenty of money in favour of Chocolate and Midlothian for the Lincoln Handicap; Elf King and several others being also well supported. Whilst for the Grand National 6 to 1 was forthcoming about Régal; the chief movement being in favour of Downpatrick, who was backed to win a good stake at 20 to 1. Jackal, Empress, and The Liberator were also well supported; but, in the absence of many of the principal operators at Lincoln, business was not of a very active character. Nothing, however, of a sensational character took place.

LINCOLN HANDICAP.

100 to 12 agst Chocolate (t and o)
9 to 1 — Midlothian (t)
11 to 1 — Elf King (t)
200 to 15 — Briglia (o)
100 to 7 — Placida (t and o, after 12 to 1 t)
15 to 1 — Quicksilver (t and o)
100 to 6 — Rosy Cross (t and o)
20 to 1 — Wallenstein (t and o)
22 to 1 — Horizon (t and o)
22 to 1 — Vegetarian (t and o)
30 to 1 — Othello (t and o)
33 to 1 — Tower and Sword (t and o)
33 to 1 — Fiddlestring (t and o)
40 to 1 — Concord (t and o)
50 to 1 — Parole (t and o)

GRAND NATIONAL.

6 to 1 — Régal (o)
8 to 1 — Jackal (o)
9 to 1 — Empress (t and o)
100 to 9 — The Liberator (t)
100 to 6 — Victoria (t and o)
20 to 1 — Downpatrick (t)
20 to 1 — Shifnal (o)
25 to 1 — Austerlitz (o)
40 to 1 — Gunlock (t)

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

9 to 4 on Oxford (t and o)

TATTERSALL'S BETTING.

MONDAY.

MOST of the members being absent at Lincoln, the attendance at Tattersall's was very thin, and only a few transactions have to be recorded. There was no change of importance on the Lincoln Handicap, Midlothian being in good demand; whilst Liberator was well supported for the Grand National.

LINCOLN HANDICAP.

8 to 1 agst Midlothian (t)
100 to 8 — Placida (t and o)
100 to 7 — Wallenstein (t)
100 to 7 — Quicksilver (t and o)

GRAND NATIONAL.

10 to 1 agst Liberator (w)
40 to 1 — Rocksavage (o)

UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

5 to 2 on Oxford (laid)

LINCOLN.—BETTING ON THE COURSE.

MONDAY.

LINCOLN HANDICAP.

8 to 1 agst Chocolate (t and o)
9 to 1 — Elf King (o)
9 to 1 — Midlothian (t)
10 to 1 — Placida (t)
100 to 8 — Briglia (t)

100 to 6 — Quicksilver (t)
100 to 6 — Vegetarian (t)
100 to 6 — Wallenstein (t and o)
1000 to 50 — Horizon
1000 to 40 — Othello (t)
40 to 1 — Genista (t)
40 to 1 — Concord (t)
40 to 1 — Parole (t and o)
50 to 1 — Friar Rush (t)

GRAND NATIONAL.

5 to 1 agst Régal (o)
8 to 1 — Empress (t)
100 to 7 — Downpatrick (t and o)
20 to 1 — Rocksavage (t)
20 to 1 — St. George (t)

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.

—o—

LINCOLN.—TUESDAY.

BROCKLESBY STAKES. — *Sportsman* — La Belle Helene filly or Cauldron filly; *Bell's Life*—Cotonnade or Sir George Chetwynd's best; *Sporting Gazette*—Cotonnade or La Belle Helene filly; *Era*—Cotonnade or La Belle Helene filly; *Field*—Chanoinesse colt or Wild Stag; *Land and Water*—Tristan or La Belle Helene filly; *Sporting Life*—La Belle Helene filly; *Sunday Times*—La Belle Helene filly or Cauldron filly.

BROCKLESBY TRIAL PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Knight of Athol or Linden; *Field*—Jos. Dawson's best or Hudibras; *Land and Water*—Warren Hastings; *Sporting Life*—Knight of Athol or Gravity; *Sunday Times*—Hudibras or Warren Hastings.

WEDNESDAY.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP. — *Sportsman* — Midlothian or Horizon; *Bell's Life*—Elf King or Midlothian; *Sporting Gazette*—Elf King or Briglia; *Era*—Placida or Cradle; *Field*—Placida, American representative, or Vegetarian; *Land and Water*—Briglia or Midlothian; *Sporting Life*—Midlothian, for places Quicksilver and Briglia; *Sunday Times*—Elf King or Midlothian, Horizon a place.

LINCOLN CUP.—*Sportsman*—Cotonnade or Cauldron filly; *Bell's Life*—Cotonnade or Cauldron filly; *Land and Water*—Tristan; *Sporting Life*—Cotonnade; *Sunday Times*—Tristan or Cotonnade.

ELSHAM HURDLE-RACE.—*Sportsman*—Ballet Dancer; *Bell's Life*—Shillelagh or Tiber; *Sporting Gazette*—Truth or Shillelagh; *Field* — Shillelagh; *Land and Water*—Patagon or Ballet Dancer; *Sporting Life*—Shillelagh; *Sunday Times*—Albania.

LINDUM STEEPLECHASE.—*Sportsman*—Grattan or Robert de Todeneí; *Bell's Life*—Barton or Golden Pippin; *Era*—Safeguard or Midwife horse; *Land and Water*—Golden Pippin or Barton; *Sunday Times*—Moorhen.

GONE-AWAY PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Puck; *Sporting Gazette*—Puck; *Land and Water*—Puck.

LIVERPOOL.—THURSDAY.

LIVERPOOL HURDLE-RACE.—*Sportsman*—Harbinger; *Bell's Life*—Thornfield; *Sporting Gazette*—Hopbloom or Thornfield; *Era*—Tentergate or Thornfield; *Field*—Thornfield; *Land and Water*—Thornfield or Hopbloom; *Sporting Life*—Thornfield or Hopbloom; *Sunday Times*—Thornfield.

SEFTON STEEPLECHASE.—*Sportsman*—Bacchus; *Bell's Life*—Bacchus; *Sporting Gazette*—Bacchus; *Era*—Bacchus; *Field*—Muscadin; *Land and Water*—Sweet Meadow or Lottery; *Sporting Life*—Bacchus; *Sunday Times*—Bacchus or Citizen.

PRINCE OF WALES CUP.—*Sportsman*—Concord or Instantly; *Bell's Life*—Instantly or Censer; *Era*—Flashman; *Field*—Censer; *Land and Water*—Cradle or Lady Lennard; *Sporting Life*—Concord or Beverley; *Sunday Times*—Censer.

MOLYNEUX STAKES.—*Sportsman*—Border Queen; *Sporting Life*—Border Queen.

GRAND NATIONAL HUNT STEEPLECHASE.—*Sportsman*—Rothwell.

PRINCES PARK PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Wild Prince; *Bell's Life*—Bishop Burton or Quickstep; *Sporting Gazette*—Horizon; *Era*—Horizon; *Field*—Horizon; *Land and Water*—Lady Lennard or Bishop Burton; *Sunday Times*—Quickstep or Wild Prince.

UNION JACK STAKES.—*Sportsman*—Henry George or Fire King; *Bell's Life*—Henry George or Fire King; *Sporting Gazette*—Fire King; *Era*—Fire King or Henry George; *Field*—Fire King; *Land and Water*—Fire King; *Sporting Life*—Whitebine or Henry George; *Sunday Times*—Henry George.

FRIDAY.

GRAND NATIONAL.—*Sportsman*—Wild Monarch; *Bell's Life*—Regal; *Sporting Gazette*—Wild Monarch or Regal; *Era*—Jackal or Regal; *Field*—Wild Monarch; for places, Victoria and Empress; *Land and Water*—Liberator or Regal; *Sporting Life*—Wild Monarch; for places, Jackal and Liberator; *Sunday Times*—Liberator or Empress; for a place, Jackal.

LIVERPOOL SPRING CUP.—*Sportsman*—Advance; *Bell's Life*—Advance; *Sporting Gazette*—Advance or Robbie Burns; *Era*—Advance or Humbert; *Land and Water*—Chocolate; *Sporting Life*—Advance or Robbie Burns; *Sunday Times*—Advance or Humbert.

PALATINE HURDLE-RACE.—*Sportsman*—Thornfield or Iron Duke; *Bell's Life*—Pardon or Provider; *Land and Water*—Thornfield.

SEFTON PARK PLATE.—*Sportsman*—Border Queen; *Sporting Life*—Border Queen or the Russley best.

NATIONAL HUNTERS' STAKES.—*Sportsman*—Glen Jorsa; *Bell's Life*—Glen Jorsa; *Sporting Gazette*—Glen Jorsa; *Field*—Glen Jorsa; *Sporting Life*—Rocket or Glen Jorsa; *Sunday Times*—Merry England or Deutchmeister.

OUT OF THE FRAY.

—o—

March 5th, at 9 a.m., Quibble out of Derby and Bristol engagements, Sleight-of-Hand out of Bristol engagements; at 3.30 p.m., Strathavon out of Yarborough Plate, Lincoln; at 5.55 p.m., Marshal Neil out of Liverpool Grand National Steeplechase.

March 8th, at 9 a.m., Marsh Boy, Muffin Boy, York, Saltier, Riccardo, and Portcullis, out of Bristol engagements; Germaine out of Tally-ho Hunters Flat Race, Derby; Tuba and Bondsman out of all engagements; Prodigal out of Handicap Plate, Rugby; Sober Boy out of Grand National Hunt Steeplechase, Liverpool; Riccardo out of Meynell Plate, Derby Spring Meeting; York out of Grand National Steeplechase, Liverpool Spring; at 11.25 a.m., Bar Sinister (dead) and Humdrum out of all engagements; after 5 p.m., Scapegrace out of Liverpool Spring engagements.

March 9th, at 9 a.m., Empire out of all engagements in Mr. H. Woolcott's name; Bishop Burton out of Yarborough Plate, Lincoln; Nightingale out of all engagements; all horses in Mr. L. Flowers's and Mr. T. Golby's names out of Bristol engagements.

March 10th, at 9 a.m., Fly-by-Night out of Yarborough Plate, Lincoln; Bold Brennan out of Grand National Steeplechase, Liverpool; after 5 p.m., Calençon and Yaraville out of Lincoln and Northampton engagements.

March 11th, at 9 a.m., Fontarabian and Helios out of all engagements.

Since the publication of the *Calendar* the following horses have been struck out:—

LINCOLN ENGAGEMENTS.—Linden, Adamite, and Coromandel II.

LINCOLNSHIRE HANDICAP.—Lady Blanche and Centenary.

YARBOROUGH PLATE (LINCOLN).—Lyric.

GRAND NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE (LIVERPOOL).—Gold Dust.

NOTES.

—:o:—

THE University Boat Race has been the principal topic of the week in sporting as well as non-sporting circles. The doings of the contending crews have been as minutely chronicled and as severely criticised as those of invading armies. And the chronicle, be it noted, is generally most minute, and the criticism most severe, when the sapient writer has least knowledge of the subject upon which he is dilating. The social status assigned to this struggle has been, and continues to be, somewhat excessive. It is likewise a theme upon which all and sundry hold most decided opinions, and which opinions they express in no uncertain sound. The Press seem to think there is a demand for information about this particular event, and the different journals vie with each other as to which will devote most space to it. If they cannot always give quality in these prelections, they never fall short in quantity. One or two leading journals now publish the fact that a false importance is being attached to this aquatic struggle. They only realise this self-evident truth after they have been quietly ignored—not to say snubbed—by the aquatic heroes of the rival Universities. They totally overlook the fact that they themselves were the principal agents in bringing about that which they now condemn. Still, it is laughable to observe the condescending, but no less decided way, in which a parcel of raw youths sit upon the British public and the British Press. They turn the metropolis topsy-turvy for days before the event, and they reserve the metropolitan river for themselves as if it were their own private property, and then quietly veer round and say, "We don't wish publicity; it is a private race, and we wish it to be rowed privately." All very well, Messieurs Oxford and Cambridge, but in this very publicity consists your vitality. Coleridge in one of his poems says that "youth is vain," and Coleridge being himself a Cambridge man, ought to know the natures of university undergraduates. The sixteen ex-schoolboys are all more or less actuated by pure vanity. Change the scene of the struggle to a private stretch of water, and there won't be the same desperate anxiety to form one of the contending crews. The youths would think little of their well-developed biceps, and their skill with the oar, did they not have an opportunity of exhibiting both before the countless thousands who turn out to witness every Boat Race.

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I shall, however, I suppose, be expected to say something particular in regard to this year's race. Both crews have now shown upon the Thames, and the annual outbreak of rowing insanity is in our midst. The daily papers have given graphic descriptions of each day's work, and scribes who never sat in a skiff nor pulled an oar in their lives have talked learnedly of every detail of the art of rowing. This is an example I do not intend to follow. A friend, a noted amateur sculler, who has seen them every day since their advent, and whose opinion I know to be valuable and without bias, assures me that he has never seen greater improvement made by any crew in a given time than by the Light Blues. Nevertheless, he is of opinion that they will have to play second fiddle, for Oxford, he says, are much stronger and pull with more uniformity of time and swing than do their opponents. In the University Boat Race the betting has been an infallible index to the result during the last fifteen or twenty years, and this year I am confident will prove no exception to that rule.

***

The ungodly hour for which the race is fixed will prove a "sad blow and sore discouragement" to many of the fair sex, nor is it particularly gratifying to myself. Lincoln and Liverpool constitute of themselves a good week's work. Five days' racing, with a 200 miles railway journey late on Friday night, is not a very good preparation for a boat race in the small hours of the following morning. I have a lively recollection of the race of 1877, and the miserable spectacle the occupants of the Press steamer presented. The weather was wretched, but the race was as close and exciting as the most exacting could wish. Better weather and an equally good race this year is the earnest wish of "yours truly."

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The supremacy amongst professional scullers of course at present rests with Hanlan. Boyd, I think, has a chance of making a race with him—Trickett none whatever. When either or any of them will meet it is difficult to say. They seem all more bent upon appearing in print than in wager boats. Hanlan will allow any man in the world *five seconds* in five miles on Toronto Bay; Boyd will row any man in the world on the Tees; Trickett will do *ditto* in his own particular locality. Cocks who can't do much else can always crow loudly on their own dung-heap. This triangular sparring to my mind is capable of only one interpretation. As much skill is now being displayed in making matches as in rowing them. Preliminary newspaper discussion leads to increased public interest, and this public interest it is that brings grist to the mill of those passively, as well as those actively, connected with the match. Match-making is now such a fine art that the losing party are seldom out of pocket. About the wire-pulling at the headquarters of sculling I happen to know a little, and I now state positively that before the end of the present season a match will be arranged between Boyd and Hanlan, and our transatlantic brethren will experience no difficulty in investing their money.

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The Oxford and Cambridge Athletic Sports will take place at Lillie Bridge on Friday afternoon, and with favourable weather will be witnessed by thousands of fair women and brave men. The preliminary records of the respective champions promise well for good performances and also for good struggles. There are fewer events which this year can be put down as a certainty for either side, and the vexed question of the "odd trick" cannot be speculated upon with any degree of precision. Without going *seriatim* into individual performances, I cannot help thinking that Cambridge read well for the Hundred Yards, Putting the Shot, High Jump, and Three Miles; while Oxford will render good accounts of themselves in the Hurdles, Wide Jump, Hammer Throwing, and One Mile. The Quarter Mile will be a near thing. On paper Growse of Oxford has a trifle the best of it, but Macaulay is a gentleman whose style I like, and one who keeps improving every time he appears in public can never be said to be done with. I look for his success. In awarding the Mile to Oxford, I assume that those who say Hough will reserve himself for the Three Miles have authority for so doing. Wise is beyond doubt a clipper of the first water, but what about Hough? He has never been anything like tied up in any of his races, and I am sorely mistaken if when occasion requires he cannot pull out, not a few yards, but a few seconds. Let him get some one to take him along, and he is in my opinion capable of doing almost a miraculous performance. Should Wise and he meet in either race, the spectators will have a treat.

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The athletic reporters renew their annual wail about non-admission to the centre of the ground during the progress of the sports. The University committees and the proprietor of the ground have come in for no small amount of censure for their apparent high-handedness. No doubt it would be better could the Press be so admitted. But the London Athletic Press is a fearful and wonderful body. With the recognised representatives of responsible journals no difficulty would be experienced, but there is that heterogeneous mass of followers who designate themselves reporters, and who are great authorities amongst the frequenters of public-house bars. These would not improve the sanctity nor yet the odour of the enclosure. Till the wheat will agree to be sifted from the chaff I cannot think it would be politic for the powers that be to make any alteration.

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It is really amusing to note the standpoint these wiseacres take. Unless the performances are tested and verified by their immaculate selves no reliance can be placed on the records. Yea and verily. Because they are provided for the hour or two they may be attending a meeting with a stop-watch, they at once arrogate to themselves proficiency in its use. Never was there a greater mistake—accuracy depends more upon the holder than the watch. I have no hesitation that three-fourths of us in London who put ourselves forward as experts in timing would find ourselves very small beer indeed, were we to compare notes all through a Sheffield Handicap with the watch-holders of the cutlery town.

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One point I am glad to notice in connection with these sports—the introduction of the pistol as the starter's official weapon. In the Hundred Yards there will be thus a possibility of getting a reliable amateur record for the distance. I say possibility, because even now such a thing is by no means certain. Nor will it be till competitors are compelled to toe and stand on their marks till the signal is given. At both Oxford and Cambridge last week the pistol was used, and still the time was far from reliable. The competitors were allowed to dance about in the vicinity of the scratch like so many hens on hot bricks. Lucas of Oxford is undoubtedly a good man, but no one will believe that he can do even time, if tested by the same standard as professional runners.

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There is still dissension in the Athletic Camp. The Amateur Championship Meeting will not take place on Monday next. That the Messrs. Waddell and Mr. Chambers had not smoked the pipe of peace I was perfectly aware, nor did I expect they ever would. They were both working in one groove, and with the same end in view, and neither would give way to the other. Much can be said in favour of each, and much also that is the reverse. However, the whole affair is *sub judice*, and I shall reserve my remarks till something definite has been arranged. I may, however, draw attention to the fact of the Lillie Bridge proprietor being forsaken by those who were his strongest supporters, and whose interests have always been his chief study. The manifesto sent out by the Oxford and Cambridge presidents is an amusing production. The times have been troublous because *they* have stood aloof, the waters will immediately become placid because *they* have taken the matter in hand. I am compelled to repeat that "youth is vain." The reconciling of three conflicting elements is not easy work, and I am not at all sanguine of the immediate formation or the permanent existence of this Amateur Athletic Association which is talked about.

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One more par., and that a very short one, and I am done with the Universities for the present. Oxford beat Cambridge in the inter-University Golf Match on Thursday. Their victory was mainly owing to the splendid play of J. C. Shairp, of Oriel, son of the Professor of Poetry and Principal of St. Andrews University. A pupil of young Tom Morris and Davie Strath was certain to render a good account of himself in such company.

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The Aquarium during the past week has been peculiarly attractive. Captain Webb in the Whale Tank, and Mitchell on the Spot, have been their catch lines. The Channel Captain has accomplished his wonderful task, and accomplished it with wonderful ease. The Captain also is to be commended for his honesty in plainly stating that the task was undertaken for pecuniary benefit (this statement having, I presume, no reference to the imaginary £100 to £20 laid by a sporting baronet). Many will ask, *Cui bono?* Any unprecedented event in any department of sport calls attention to that particular branch, and Webb's feat will be conducive to much good in the swimming world.

A SUDDEN CHANGE.

—:o:—

NEW AND DECIDEDLY ORIGINAL FARCE IN HALF AN ACT

BY AN UNDISTINGUISHED AUTHOR.

SCENE.—*The interior of a village inn. Table* R. 2 E. *Old high-backed chairs* R. *and* L. *Fireplace and fire* L. 2 E. *Window* L. 3 E. *Door in flat and at* R.U.E. *As the curtain rises sounds of wind and rain are heard.*

(WIDOW POTTS, *landlady of inn, discovered in the act of putting a couple of dip-candles on the table.*)

WIDOW POTTS. What a night it is, and what a horrid thing for that lady and her husband that their carriage should go and break down in such a pouring rain as this! There! (*pulls cloth straight on table*). Now I think I've made the room tidy enough for 'em. (*Enter* MR. THOMSON BLARE, *followed by* MRS. BLARE.)

MRS. BLARE (*throwing herself into a chair near table*). Oh, I begin to feel so tired, Thommy!

MR. BLARE (*with much solicitude*). My dearest darling love, I am grieved to the heart to hear you say so. (*Looks round the room at furniture and shrugs his shoulders.*) I suppose (*turning to* WIDOW POTTS) you are the keeper of this—this establishment?

WIDOW POTTS. I am, sir, and ever since the death of my poor husband—which he was lost at sea, being a ship's steward, and always kind to me.

MR. BLARE. The sequence of events is not (*smiling*) very obvious. But, tell me, is it really true that the village blacksmith has typhus fever, or have I been told that merely to prevent our pursuing our journey further to-night?

WIDOW POTTS. It's as true as truth, sir, and you know how true that is.

MR. BLARE. Quite so. I've a copy of *Truth* in my pocket. (*Turning to* MRS. B.) Then we must make up our minds to sleep here to-night, my dearest, and get the carriage-wheel put to rights in the morning.

MRS. BLARE. My love, I can be happy anywhere with you (*hides a yawn*).

WIDOW POTTS (*aside*). There! I knew they were man and wife, though for a moment I did think they might be a runaway couple. [*Exit by door in flat.*

MR. BLARE (*with affected cheerfulness*). Well, here we are but three days married, and we shall have to pass some of our honeymoon in such a dreary place as this.

MRS. BLARE. Dreary?

MR. BLARE (*openly yawning*). Yes, of course it's dreary.

MRS. BLARE (*opening her eyes in surprise*). I didn't expect to hear you say that. I told you just now that I could be perfectly happy anywhere with you, and I certainly did hope that you also would be able to say the same to me.

MR. BLARE. My only love, so I can; I shall be happy as an emperor with you here.

MRS. BLARE (*doubtfully*). Which emperor? Perhaps you mean the Emperor of Russia, and you know he is not so very——

MR. BLARE (*interrupting*). My darling, I mean any emperor—say the Emperor of China if you like. And that reminds me that you would perhaps like a cup of tea?

MRS. BLARE. Not just yet. I should rather prefer to hear you tell me of your unchangeable love.

MR. BLARE. Oh, aye, yes; of course. You may rest assured that my feelings will never change towards you, come what may (*opens cigar-case and carefully selects a cigar*).

MRS. BLARE (*with effusion*). Nor mine towards you, dear Thommy.

MR. BLARE (*lighting cigar*). Well, that question being settled in so satisfactory a manner, perhaps you will not consider me too inquisitive if I inquire the name and address of that elderly maiden aunt from whom you expect to inherit that twenty thousand pounds you spoke of a fortnight ago.

MRS. BLARE (*hesitating*). The name and address, dear? And did you say *elderly* maiden aunt?

MR. BLARE (*blowing a ring of smoke from his mouth*). Precisely, my love. You see, my habits are somewhat expensive, and money with me just at present is rather scarce. I thought therefore that it wouldn't be a bad idea if I wrote a polite letter inquiring after her health, and stating that I should take an early—indeed, I may say a *very* early—opportunity of paying my respects to her in person.

MRS. BLARE. But why should you be in such haste to go to her?

MR. BLARE (*coughing*). Why? How can you ask such a question, Emeline? Do you suppose that I have no natural affection for my wife's only relative?

MRS. BLARE. But you spoke of money just now?

MR. BLARE. I did, my love; it is a subject which *will* intrude itself on my notice in spite of me.

MRS. BLARE (*somewhat agitated*). But you told me when you asked me to marry you in such a hurry that you had plenty yourself.

MR. BLARE (*coolly*). So I had, my dear, just then; but you know I made you several presents of jewellery, and then you must also bear in mind that a wedding tour is rather a costly affair.

MRS. BLARE. Is it possible? Why, I thought you were a rich man.

MR. BLARE. So I am—that is, rich in love, Emeline.

MRS. BLARE. But in money?

MR. BLARE (*quietly knocking the ash from his cigar*). Well, no, I've pretty nearly spent all the money I ever had, which wasn't a great deal at any time. We are married now, so it's no use mincing matters. (*With decision*). Now for the name and address of that estimable aunt of yours. We must go and see her. Between us I dare say we may get a hundred or two for our present wants.

MRS. BLARE (*with vehemence*). You may save yourself the trouble, for you will not get anything from her.

MR. BLARE (*confidently*). Oh, yes, I shall, and, besides, at eighty she can't be expected to last long.

MRS. BLARE. Eighty! Why, what are you talking about? I never said she was eighty.

MR. BLARE. Unquestionably you did; and I was too delicate to inquire further about her after hearing that she was your only relative, and possessed of twenty thousand pounds.

MRS. BLARE. Oh, this is too ridiculous! Why, I told you that she was EIGHTEEN, not eighty.

MR. BLARE (*hurling away his half-smoked cigar*). Impossible! Who ever heard of a woman of—of five-and-twenty with an aunt only eighteen?

MRS. BLARE (*sarcastically*). The wish was *father* to the thought, or perhaps I should say *aunt* to the thought. I have been deceived in you—grossly deceived, sir.

MR. BLARE (*endeavouring to conceal his rage*). Not half so much deceived as I have been, madam.

MRS. BLARE. And this is the extent of your love for me, is it?

MR. BLARE. Oh, pray let us have no more of that sentimental rubbish!

MRS. BLARE. Sentimental rubbish, Thommy?

MR. BLARE. Oh, don't Thommy me any more. My Christian name is Thomson, and I won't have it mutilated.

MRS. BLARE. Then you have ceased to love me because I have an aunt who is eighteen instead of eighty?

MR. BLARE (*pacing the stage*). Oh, what a mistake I have made! Why the devil couldn't fate have thrown me in the way of the aunt instead of the niece?

MRS. BLARE. This is too much! I'll have a divorce.

MR. BLARE (*sneeringly*). Indeed! But I should like to know on what grounds?

MRS. BLARE. Grounds? Why, because you detest me.

MR. BLARE. That's a very insufficient reason, I am sorry to say.

(*Enter* WIDOW POTTS, *who pauses at door.*)

MRS. BLARE (*passionately*). Then allow me to add that you are as detestable to me as I am to you.

WIDOW POTTS (*in amazement*). Well, this is a sudden change!

MR. BLARE (*seating himself astride a chair*). That doesn't in the slightest degree strengthen your case. The law doesn't take trifles of that kind into consideration. (*Sounds of wind and rain heard.*)

MRS. BLARE. Then I won't remain in your society a moment longer. (*Perceives* WIDOW POTTS.) My good woman, show me to my room at once.

WIDOW POTTS (*opening door* R.U.E.). This way, mum, if you please. [*Exit* MRS. BLARE.

MR. BLARE (*desperately*). Mrs. What's-your-name!

WIDOW POTTS. No, sir, begging your pardon, I've often heard of the party you've just mentioned; but she hasn't the same name as mine, and respectable she is I well believe, my name, if it's all the same to you, being Potts with *two* t's.

MR. BLARE (*impatiently*). Well, Mrs. Pottswith-twoteas—an Indian name, I suppose—have you any one to send round to the stables at once?

WIDOW POTTS. Yes, sir. (*At this point* MRS. BLARE *opens door cautiously and peeps in.*)

MR. BLARE. Then let him order me a saddle-horse to be brought round immediately. I suppose you have one?

WIDOW POTTS. Well, there's a pony, sir, if that will do?

MR. BLARE. There is no choice between him and one of the carriage horses, so send round the pony.

WIDOW POTTS. Well, *you* know best; but *I* should say you had better keep under shelter on such a night as this.

MR. BLARE. Be good enough to do as I tell you.

[*Exit* WIDOW POTTS.

MRS. BLARE (*in a whisper to herself*). Where can he be going to in such weather?

MR. BLARE (*going to window as a flash of lightning is seen*). An infernal night; but I'm determined that I won't stay with her after what she has said of her feelings towards me. She shall never see me again.

MRS. BLARE (*advancing*). Shan't *I*? You are making a slight mistake in that.

MR. BLARE. What, you have been listening, have you?

MRS. BLARE. I have, and I glory in it. If a wife mayn't listen to what her husband says when he announces his intention of running away from her, what becomes of the rights of women that I have read so much about?

MR. BLARE. All the same, I am going to leave you.

MRS. BLARE. I'll take care you don't.

MR. BLARE. Emeline! (*looks surprised.*) What am I to understand from these words?

MRS. BLARE (*with determination*). That I'm not going to let you leave me.

MR. BLARE. Then, then——(*blows his nose with violence*).

MRS. BLARE. What was that you last said?

MR. BLARE. I was about to remark that if you wish me to stay with you, it looks as if you really did not detest me.

MRS. BLARE. I never said I did.

MR. BLARE. Oh! Emeline.

MRS. BLARE. But you told me you detested me.

MR. BLARE. I'm sure I didn't.

MRS. BLARE. Oh, Thommy!

MR. BLARE. Besides, you should make great allowances for a man in my pecuniary position who sees a fortune suddenly slip through his fingers.

MRS. BLARE. But we are not entirely without means, you know.

MR. BLARE. Do I? That's just what I *don't* know.

MRS. BLARE. Well, I've four hundred and ten pounds in the bank at St. Ives.

MR. BLARE (*assuming an injured air*). My love, you should have told me this before.

MRS. BLARE. But I intended to keep it for myself, as I thought you had plenty of money.

MR. BLARE. Well, I forgive you, my dear girl. It was an error of judgment. But you are young, and only three days married.

MRS. BLARE. Are you still determined to leave me?

MR. BLARE. My love (*taking both her hands*), how can you ask such a question?

(*Enter* WIDOW POTTS *quickly.*)

WIDOW POTTS. The pony is quite ready, Sir.

MR. BLARE. I don't want it now. Send it back to the stable. I'm going to stay here with Mrs. Blare, if you'll allow me, Mrs. Pottswithtwotcas.

WIDOW POTTS. Well, this is a change!

MRS. BLARE. And I think for the better.

CURTAIN

NOTE.—Any pirates, whether of Penzance or elsewhere, who attempt to pillage this little barque, are disrespectfully informed by the author that his *bite* will be found worse than his *barque*.

AT THE PLAY.

THE BATTLE OF THE HEART.

A New Play in Four Acts by the late JOHN WILKINS.

CAST.

John Graye	Mr. Clarence Holt.
Abel	Mr. G. L. Gordon.
Paul Parable	Mr. G. F. Leicester.
Raymond Watt	Mr. C. Herberte.
Matthew Scriven	Mr Dalton Somers.
Simon	Mr. G. Howe.
Centage	Mr. David Evans.
Monsieur Vapide	Mr. E. Major.
Florence	Miss Fanny Brough.
Widdow Grace	Miss Laura Darrell.
Patience Floss	Miss Watty Brunton.

John Graye is a merchant who once was a pirate under peculiar circumstances, very peculiar; and in "the Indian Seas." He is given to spasmodic ejaculations of "Ha!" scowls horribly and rolls his eyes dreadfully whenever he hears the word pirate or the Indian Seas mentioned. This is by way of averting suspicion, John Graye being very crafty. His son is a traitor to the king, also under peculiar circumstances, very peculiar. Old Graye served the king as a pirate, young Graye was loyal to the king as a traitor, so in the end the Merry Monarch Charles the Second sends them each a pardon, and all ends happily.

***

EXCEPT for Paul Parable, who paints pictures with invisible pigment and a dry brush, and is therefore called a sculptor. Paul comes to grief. Noticing the curious behaviour of his neighbour, John Graye, he very naturally suspects that he was John Greystone the Pirate, who in a strictly conscientious way only pretended to be a pirate to compass his revenge against a personal enemy with whom it would have been more legitimate to have gone to law. Paul is sent to prison mainly for his wickedness in attempting to bring a thoughtless young traitor and an amiable old pirate to justice, nominally for embezzlement of moneys belonging to his ward.

***

WIDDOW GRACE, who walked stiffly through her part, jerked her words out like a speaking-machine, and suddenly fell into, and out of, fits of forced laughter, was therefore called all through the play "charming." It was, however, her first appearance.

***

MISS FANNY BROUGH did all she could to infuse some touches of natural feeling into the stilted, frothy words it was her misfortune to speak.

***

MISS WATTY BRUNTON, although she "couldn't work miracles with her jocular organs," proved herself, as she said, "an adhesive character," and stuck to her hackneyed part with gallant perseverance.

***

MONSIEUR VAPIDE was the only part giving scope for real acting, and cleverly Mr. Major availed himself thereof.

***

IT was dreadfully pathetic to hear Mr. Clarence Holt while staggering and in a general state of physical collapse, under the influence of intense grief, tell how that newly-born baby twined its little arms about the dead mother's neck, and kissed the clay-cold lips of his beloved wife.

***

AND then how terrible was that description of the storm, in which if they didn't throw the main-deck overboard they did several things almost as bad.

***

AFTER the new play, which bore a suspiciously strong resemblance to an old play called "Love's Sacrifice," and is not by any means new to the provinces, it was almost ghastly fun to hear the "gods" vociferously demanding the late author's appearance, and Mr. Holt seemed to enjoy the grim joke as he smilingly explained how great a loss the English stage had sustained by the death of Mr. Wilkins eighteen years ago.

***

THEN we had a burlesque played by actors and actresses who could neither sing, dance nor act, under which circumstances Mr. Burnand's once popular "Paris; or, Vive l'Emprière," was, of course, seen to great advantage.

***

IS it true, by the bye, that Mr. Burnand's next burlesque is to be called "Lost; or, Ourselves in a Fog"?

***

ON Saturday next "Cobwebs," a new comedy by a new author, will be produced at the Vaudeville.

***

ON the same day "Money" will be performed for the first time at the Haymarket.

***

AT the Folly to-morrow morning a new comedy by Mr. G. R. Douglas, called "Rival Candidates," will be produced.

***

MR. T. OSWALD takes his benefit at the Connaught this evening. If his merits are fairly recognised there will be "a good house."

***

WE are to have a company of Dutch actors at the Imperial Theatre in June.

***

"THE Corsican Brothers" will be revived at the Lyceum. It is simply postponed—not, as some have said, abandoned.

***

MISS LITTON'S Rosalind, in Shakespeare's "As You Like It," at the Imperial, grows upon the critic so rapidly that already some journalists who wrote with enthusiasm in its praise wish they had the opportunity of once more expressing their opinions.

***

IN which case, also, we think that Lionel Brough would find his conception of the jester better and more widely appreciated.

***

MR. BOUCICAULT commences his engagement at the Adelphi on April 24th.

***

AT the same house to-morrow evening Miss Kate Vaughan takes her benefit. We heartily wish her a bumper.

***

"OLD CRONIES," at the St. James's Theatre is a rare novelty on the stage, but Mr. Theyre Smith has dealt with it very cleverly. A play with two male characters and no female part would frighten most managers.

***

MISS BATEMAN'S laudable endeavour to give Shakespeare a permanent home once more at New Sadler's Wells calls for grateful recognition. Mr. Hermann Vezin's Iago was worth a long journey to a critical playgoer.

***

UNDER the assumed name of George Lancaster, a well-known journalist is to make his first appearance in a comedietta from his own pen, entitled "Shakespeare on the Brain."

***

MR. BYRON'S "Dearer than Life," at the Folly, gives the talent of Mr. Toole full scope in the part of Michael Garner, and displays his versatility in its best form.

TALKING.

LET us have a little talk. It is essential to health and to social enjoyment; is a kind of safety-valve for the feelings, and a stimulus to thinking. As Young wrote:—

Thoughts want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.

I have read somewhere of an American physician who prescribed talking as the sole remedy for a sickly, silent, melancholy woman. She took in a chatty companion, and was cured. If you are melancholy, take me in. If you are not melancholy, take me in—in SPORT—every Tuesday.

***

IT is not good to have no one to talk to. "Once a man comes to his soliloquies," says an old play, "I give him up for gone." Speech may be silvern and silence golden, as the old saying runs; but while silver is a current coin and gold is ore in the mine, give me silver, and let me not soliloquise, but talk to you, in SPORT every Tuesday.

***

WHEN Dr. Johnson dubbed that monarch amongst table-talkers, Boswell, "a clubable man," he implied the reverse of "Talking spoils company," which, as readers of the *Spectator* remember, was the motto of those unfortunates, who, as an antidote for chattering wives, founded the Silent Club. Wives still chatter, but husbands are wiser. We have no Silent Club.

***

TALKING of Clubs, when the jovial Savages sat down to dinner with the King of London in his palace, the Mansion House, his genial and hospitable Lordship pointed out that the earliest Club on record, the Wednesday Club, met in the City, in Friday Street, a street so named from its many fishmongers, or rather from the fast-day on which they did most business. But he omitted to state that its founder was Sir Walter Raleigh, and that it is therefore more than probable that amongst its members, or at least its visitors, were Shakespeare and the poet-players of his day. This renders his analogy even more complete, for, as everybody knows, playwrights and actors are numerous in the Savage Club.

MORE curious still—when the Romans came there was a great meeting of Savages in the City, on that very spot whereon now stands the old and stately Mayor's nest.

***

How one may be deceived! "Lorgnette," in the *Sportsman* of last Saturday, tells some smart little personal anecdotes of things which were seen and heard at "the Savages' *Guildhall* banquet."

***

A PORTRAIT of Sir Francis Truscott which will probably be found in the next R. A. Exhibition may be called "A Noble Savage with his Club;" or it may not.

***

THE "Beefsteaks" were beaten by Mr. Henry Labouchere, but they are not tender to him; once again, it is said, they have raised the Club for his expulsion.

***

LAST Sunday's issue of the organ for Billingsgate and Bedlam—yclept *Reynolds's Newspaper*—chronicles the death of Mr. Julius Beer, "the proprietor of the *Observer* newspaper, in his fourteenth year." Some newspaper proprietors are very childish. The late Mr. Beer was, however, a little older.

***

VIOLA A. POMEROY, a San Francisco actress, has, says a New York contemporary, a wooden leg. The manager who engaged her discovered this fact too late; nevertheless he cancelled the agreement, and has had an action brought against him. Was she engaged for burlesque?

***

THE Duke of Edinburgh went to Russia to bring back his wife, so the papers said; he comes back without her, so the papers say.

"Where is the man who has power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on't,
And if she won't, she won't, so there's an end on't."

***

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" as an opera is the latest musical novelty in America. Mr. George Cooper supplies the words, Mr. Harrison Millard the music. Who finds the banjos and bones?

***

UNINTENTIONAL satire is often keenest. An electioneering phrenologist in a little village churchyard took up a skull. "This," said he, with the solemn wisdom of an entire Hamlet concentrated in his speaking eyes, "this was the head of a politician." "Yes, sir," gravely replied the sexton, adding, "It's a bit cracked." The same thing is being said just now of not a few politicians in not a few places—often as truly.

***

GREAT and—hem!—good (?) Society in Paris accepting invitations issued by an unmarried lady in the name of her youthful son has been duly chronicled in the records of fashionable life. When Maurice Bernhardt was in England with his mother, the famous French actress, it is said that he visited the houses of many illustrious personages, and was well received. There is always a great deal of scum with the froth in France, and even in England fashion can give vice the place of virtue, degradation the post of honour, and award to brazen impudence and unblushing immorality the same distinction which it gives to the no blest, best, and loftiest. These idle pursuers of stale pleasures, languidly crawling through the same inane, monotonous round, are evidently in a morbid condition, and consequently unfit to be the custodians of their own artificial dignity. Have they no gifted, virtuous women to honour that they need make a goddess of this shameless creature? The social atmosphere of "Society" is growing very foul. A good wholesome blast of stormy air would do it good.

***

WHEN shall we have a Society for the Propagation of Morality amongst "the upper suckles?"

***

DEALING with our Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race an American journalist speaks of "the boatability of the river." This says much for the writeability of the journalist.

***

LAW does not permit the assembling of armed men in the interval which divides the dissolution of Parliament and its re-election. Consequently the Brighton Volunteer Review will take place on Whit Monday, instead of Easter. Large sums of money already spent in preparation for the great holiday event have been vainly expended. The losses are numerous and heavy. Brighton is in mourning. On Saturday a deputation, consisting of the Mayor of Brighton and several members of its Corporation, waited on Colonel Stanley, who promised to consult the Attorney-General. I have not heard the result.

***

MR. GRISSELL is not. The dissolution gives him liberty.

***

ANOTHER storm warning from America—Mr. Parnell is coming home.

***

Two lads, now in an orphanage at Sekandra, were found in a wolf's den in which they had long resided, Are they named Romulus and Remus?

COLLOQUIA.

ROUND THE CIRCLE.

I HAVE seen with some astonishment that there is considerable diversity of opinion as to a question now much discussed in certain quarters. It is whether there really is a dearth of dramatic authors in the present day. A dearth! why, of course there isn't. Haven't we all the French dramatists at our service when a new play is wanted for the West-end? It is true that these gentlemen have become rather exacting in their terms since they found out that managers here are mainly dependent on them? But what of that? As managers are not allowed to reject, or even to read, a new French piece until they have paid for that luxury to the extent of four or five hundred pounds, I think such an arrangement must save many of them much useless cogitation upon a subject about which they really know very little.

"WHY is it you actors are said to be but poor judges of the merits of a piece?" asked an eminent portrait-painter of a well-known comedian the other day. "Literary judgment is with everybody a rare gift, and, beyond that, an actor is very apt to consider the part *he* has to play, instead of looking at the piece as a whole," was the reply.

***

BUT suppose the supply of French pieces should fail, it may be asked. Well, my answer is that we must then gracefully fall back upon our British dramatists for original work. We have plenty of them, of course. There are Byron and Albery, Wills and Gilbert, Burnand and—yes, I knew there was someone else—Sims. In this extensive list I have not enumerated either Charles Reade or Tom Taylor, for the sufficient reason, to my mind, that they don't produce an original work once in seven years. If there are any other original dramatists, I have no doubt that Mr. Palgrave Simpson, the cruelly over-worked Secretary of the Dramatic Authors' Society, will courteously supply my omissions to any interested inquirer.

***

"I FIND your friend Tomkins has no strong dislike to anyone," remarked A to B yesterday. "No," replied B; "nor has he a strong friendship for anybody."

***

IF I were asked which is the most speedy way for a poor man to secure a number of friends, I should unhesitatingly say, commit a barbarous murder. However much the world may have neglected and despised you up to that point, the moment a man butchers his fellow-creature, or perhaps two or three of them, he will find himself not only an object of interest but of sympathy.

If you murder your children
As well as your wife,
There'll be hundreds, I'm certain,
To beg for your life.

The quatrain I have just penned is really no exaggeration of the case. It is, perhaps, a humiliating confession, but at this moment, so guiltless of homicide have I been, that I don't know of any man in the whole world who would be sufficiently self-sacrificing to forge somebody's name in order to save my life. But, "mark you this, Bassanio," the late Mr. Charles Shurety, the murderer who suffered the penalty of his crime within the walls of Newgate a few weeks since, found a friend ready enough to immolate himself in this very way, if the evidence given at Bow Street a few days since may be relied upon. Here is an instance of a righteously convicted murderer whose sentence seems to have so worked upon the feelings of an educated and presumably intelligent man, that he is at this moment charged with actually forging the signature of the Home Secretary to a reprieve, which he himself openly delivered at Newgate on the morning of the execution. And this, too, is alleged to have been done by a person who was almost a total stranger to the condemned man. But the case is still *sub judice*, so I will say no more.

***

LORD DERBY has reiterated his former statement that plenty of good agricultural land can be obtained for sixty pounds an acre. This is, as his lordship pointed out the other day, within a decimal of threepence per square yard, so that a man consumes a square yard of land with every pint of "cooper" that he imbibes. Incidentally, this was yesterday mentioned to a red-faced acquaintance, of mine who had evidently entered largely into the possession of land that day. "Stuff and nonsense!" he retorted, impatiently; "why, at that rate I've often swallowed a large back garden in a day." "La vérité sort mieux d'un tonneau que d'un puits," says Emile Augier in his play "L'Aventurière."

WEEKLY PRIZES.

The Proprietors of SPORT offer every week to those who select the greatest number of winners—

Five Pounds

in prizes, divided into two portions:

£3 the First Prize,

and

£2 the Second.

The first competition will take place next week, and

NOTTINGHAM

(23rd and 24th March)

will be the field o operations

To the gentleman who selects most winners at this Meeting £3 will be given, and the second best will receive £2. Selections must be made for all the closed races—naming one horse for each event—on the accompanying form, and sent to the

Editor,
"SPORT,"
325, *Strand,*
London, W.C.,

not later than by the first post on Tuesday next, 23rd current. The real names and addresses of the successful competitors to be sent in confidence to the Editor, but a *nom de plume* may be adopted for publication. The result of the competition will appear in SPORT of the following week, and the money will be forwarded every Tuesday.

WINNERS AT NOTTINGHAM.

	Race.	Horse.
1.	.....	.....
2.	.....	.....
3.	.....	.....
4.	.....	.....
5.	.....	.....
6.	.....	.....
7.	.....	.....
8.	.....	.....
9.	.....	.....
10.	.....	.....

Name .....

Address .....

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